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*The Children's Newspaper, Week Ending August 31, 1946*

EVERY TUESDAY

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

August 31, 1946 No 1432

PRICE THREEPENCE

## Alan Loveday Fulfils His Promise

### *VIOLINIST FROM DOWN UNDER*

GROWING up among us in Britain during these past seven years has been a young New Zealander who promises to be one of the greatest violinists of his generation. He is Alan Loveday, aged 18, who recently played as a soloist at a Promenade Concert at the Albert Hall. Alan played the haunting melodies of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D, a piece so difficult to play that three years went by after its being composed before any violinist would attempt it.



At home in New Zealand Alan was a little chap of three when he astounded his parents and friends by first playing real tunes on a violin. They realised that a possible genius had come among them and a year later it was arranged for him to play in public on a small violin specially made for him.

Before he was eleven Alan was famous throughout the Dominion, and music lovers there were urging that he should be given the best teaching possible, which could not be obtained in such a small population as that of New Zealand. So the musicians of his native land got together and raised the necessary funds for him to be sent to England to study. The New Zealand Government helped, too, and young Alan came here in 1939 and began his studies under our leading violinist, Albert Sammons of the Royal College of Music.

After the lad had been here for some time a man called on business at Albert Sammons' house. The visitor rang the bell and then heard, coming from inside the house, a magnificent rendering of a Beethoven piece. For some moments he listened entranced, then the maid answered the door and the visitor, coming to himself, said he had better go away and call later as he did not wish to disturb Mr Sammons while he was practising. "Mr Sammons is away," the maid answered. "That is Master Loveday you can hear."

Alan soon made his first public appearance in England. When he was eleven and a half he played Mendelssohn's violin concerto with the London Symphony Orchestra and had an enthusiastic reception. But his friends were anxious lest the wonderful promise of his boyhood should fade in after-years, *as so often happens when youthful genius has too early a success* and too little close study of music; so they wisely decided against many public performances. That is why he has only recently broadcast. But that danger has passed. Alan is virtually grown up and his recent *performance at the Albert Hall* showed that his technique and knowledge will soon equal his amazing natural genius.

Since he has been in England he has studied at the Royal College of Music and lived quietly with his parents in Sussex. "No fuss" has been the excellent rule of his student days.

Last year Sir George Dyson, Director of the Royal College of Music, said of Alan Loveday: "In my opinion there is no violinist today who could do better. He is a fine lad and so modest with it all."

We are proud to have New Zealand's young violinist among us, and we shall watch his development with as great an interest as do his fellow-countrymen on the other side of the world.

Violinist
Continued from column 2

## ROCK-A-BYE BABY UP IN THE PLANE

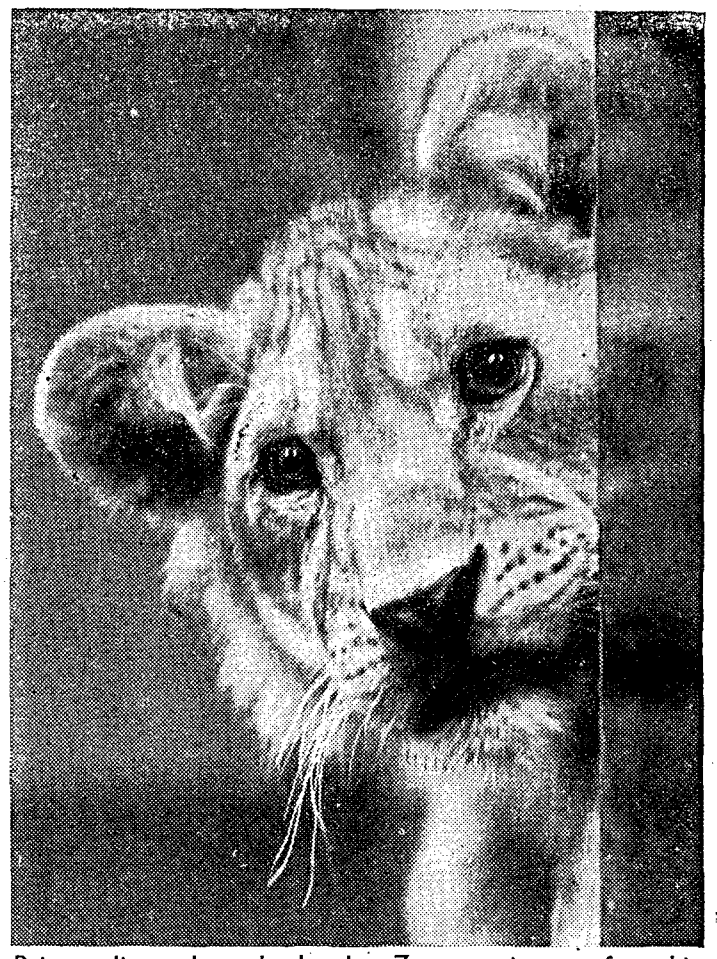
WITH more and more babies taking to the airways, United Air Lines in America decided to give them their own specially equipped airliners. And so the Flying Nursery has made its debut between San Francisco and Los Angeles, with a Nursery-liner leaving each city daily.

The planes are twin-engined Douglas Mainliner 180's, equipped with such features as baby foods, dolls, teddy bears, rattles, drawing-boards, and other play-things. Two stewardesses are aboard each Mainliner.

The service has been started on this route because it is a thickly travelled one and women have been quick to take advantage of the fact that they can fly between feedings with their babies. Mothers are finding out that flying is the ideal travel for little folk, for they reach their destination quickly before they become tired.

United Air Lines officials are well satisfied with the new service and there is a possibility that Nursery-liners may be placed in coast-to-coast operation.

## WHO'S FOR A GAME?



Brian, a lion cub at the London Zoo, peeping out from his sleeping quarters, seems to want a game of hide-and-seek with someone. Or perhaps he's just shy of visitors ?



## NOT TOO HARD, PLEASE!

*Adrian Reid, aged seven, looks a little bewildered at seeing things the wrong way round as he takes part in the revival of an ancient custom by the Mill Hill and Hendon Historical Society. They are beating the bounds of the Manor and Parish of Hendon, the first time the ceremony has been carried out in the district in this century. In bygone days it was sometimes the custom to duck the youngest member of the party in a pond or roll him in the mud, but on this occasion he was only bumped gently on his head on a stile at the Herts and Middlesex boundary.*

## THE CLOCK STRIKES 13

LAST week the CN printed an old riddle: What time is it when a clock strikes 13? And the answer was: Time for it to be repaired. But there is at least one clock that strikes 13 though it is in perfect order—an 18th century clock with a story.

When Francis Egerton, third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was busy developing the coal-fields on his land at Worsley in Lancashire, he was constantly annoyed by the apparent inability of the workers to return punctually to the mines after their lunch hour. They had no difficulty in hearing the clock strike 12 when it was time to leave off work, but all too often returned late, making the excuse that they had not heard the clock strike 1.

So the Duke, a fair-minded man, *had a clock made at Eccles which struck 13 whenever it was one o'clock!* All was then well.

That clock in due course found its place among the manifold treasures belonging to one of the Duke's heirs, the first Earl of Ellesmere, and kept in the palatial Bridgewater House, overlooking Green Park in London.

Now that the family have sold Bridgewater House the clock is going back to the place where it started its striking career, but this time to the fine church built by the first Earl of Ellesmere, who lies in his marble tomb within.

## The Tiger and the Teacup

A TEA-PLANTER, home on holiday from India, has been telling us how fortunate we are, in spite of rationing, to have tea in such quantities as are available.

Owing to the war, Java and Sumatra, which were occupied for three years by the Japanese, have not sent us an ounce of tea for several years. The entire tea-drinking world has had to rely upon India and Ceylon, which must remain, apart from ravaged China, our sole source of supply until the ruin of war has been made good in the two islands.

Even when Java and Sumatra were in full production, "cuts" would occur of which we at the tea-table knew nothing. The cause was—*tigers!* These terrible animals preyed on the native porters engaged in carrying tea and coffee from the interior to the coast. The presence in late years of hordes of fighting men must have led to a lessening of man-slaying animals there, presenting, it is hoped, a better chance for the hard-working islanders to reach, and even surpass, their pre-war standard of prosperity.

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# WHAT CAN ITALY PAY?

## *Reparations Imposed Must Not Become a Boomerang*

WHILE the attention of the world is centred around the big controversies of the Paris Conference—Trieste, for example—little heed is being paid to another vital problem, the reparations. This important matter, however, is bound to dominate the whole European scene for years to come.

Reparations had been a festering sore of the inter-war years and probably helped to cause the Second World War. What then are reparations and why should they loom so large in peace talks?

Modern warfare, as we all know, is tremendously destructive. It costs lives and property and the loss of such unseen values as business connections, goodwill, and so forth. Although these losses can be attributed to individual members of enemy forces it is the State that orders them to do the damage in order to injure its foes. It is, therefore, the State that takes the responsibility for all the damage they have done.

### Force Decides

In contrast to civil life, there is no Supreme Tribunal between the States to assess the value of damage done to one another. There is no way of setting off damage done, say, by the British in Italy against the damage done by Italian airmen to Malta. Force decides the issue of a war. Those who lose have to pay for damage without hope of claiming compensation for injuries done to them by the victor.

Italy has thus to pay reparations. Her soldiers have done huge damage to Malta, to Yugoslavia, to Albania, and also to Soviet Russia which they invaded together with their former German Allies.

Now there are clever and not-so-clever ways of extracting reparations. If the Allies took away all Italian factories, ships, railway stock, raw materials, and ready-made commodities they could perhaps satisfy their demands. But they would do harm to themselves. They would throw Italy (and, by similar action, Hungary, Rumania, and the others) into the deepest economic distress. Those nations could not earn their livelihood and would soon be reduced to sheer beggary and forced to ask for international relief, which would have to come from the Allies. Of course, no such thing is proposed at the Paris Conference. But there was a distinction between the position taken up by the Soviet delegation and that by the British and American delegations.

Now, at the conference of the Four Foreign Ministers in Paris last June a compromise was reached under which Italy should pay reparations to the Soviet Union amounting to £25,000,000 over a seven-year period. These reparations will be covered from dismantled Italian war factories, Italian property in Rumania, Hungary, and Bulgaria, and from current Italian production.

However, the question of Italian reparations to Yugoslavia, Greece, Albania, and Ethiopia has not yet been settled, although the just claims of those countries are bigger than those of the Soviet Union.

### Effect on the Future

Reparation decisions at Paris will show us pretty clearly what prospects there will be for a stable economic peace. Will they overstep the limits of what a country can bear financially? Thus, as it was with Germany between the wars, a defeated country may actually be receiving money from its conquerors to help it pay reparations.

It is for this reason that Mr Bevin has proposed that the Great Powers should waive their claims against Italy in the belief that this would give Italy a better chance of recovery and prosperity as a democratic State.

## A FILM PIONEER

LEON GAUMONT, one of the founders of the cinematograph, whose name is familiar to millions of film-goers, has died in France at the age of 82.

As a young man his hobby was photography, and he was among the early experimenters with moving pictures. He was one of the first business men to realise the commercial future of the new form of entertainment.

As long ago as 1910 he demonstrated his talking pictures before the Académie des Sciences in Paris, and at the Royal Institution in 1912. His apparatus synchronised gramophone and cinematograph and he called it a chronophone. Léon Gaumont was also one of the first to make colour films, and in 1912 he anticipated Walt Disney with moving pictures of flowers and butterflies made from hand paintings.

We owe a great deal of the pleasure and not a little of that widening of our interests which we can today obtain from the cinema to his pioneer work.

## Another Hat For Mr Churchill

MR WINSTON CHURCHILL has added to his collection yet another hat, of which he is particularly proud. It is a cocked hat and part of the uniform which he is entitled to wear as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, a post in which he was installed the other day at Dover.

The Cinque Ports—originally Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich, to which Winchelsea and Rye were added later—were Britain's first line of defence against invasion in the Middle Ages. Under a charter granted by Edward I, these ports (called "Cinque" because there were originally five of them) were granted many privileges of independence in return for supplying ships for the King.

The office of Lord Warden is now an honorary one. It is fitting, however, that Mr Churchill should hold it, since he, more than any man alive, may be regarded as defender of Britain against invasion.

## Russia and the Dardanelles

THE Russian Government has sent to Turkey a Note proposing alterations to the Montreux Convention of 1936 as it affects the control of the Dardanelles Strait. Russia duly advised Britain and US, major powers who also signed that Convention which made Turkey free, when herself at war, to permit or deny the passage of warships through the strait.

While again giving right of passage to trading ships of all nations, naval vessels of all Black Sea States, and certain warships of others, Russia now proposes that Turkey, Russia, and the other Black Sea countries only should have full control of naval traffic through the Dardanelles, and that Turkey and the Soviet Union, as the most interested powers, should together organise that strait's defences in order to "prevent its use by other States for purposes hostile to the Black Sea Powers."

As Britain has a Treaty of Mutual Assistance with Turkey, this proposed new Convention deeply concerns this country.

## GIRL GUIDES' AIR ADVENTURE

A PARTY of 23 French Girl Guides flying to County Wicklow for a holiday, not long ago, had an adventure they will remember all their lives. Their plane ran into a thunderstorm over Eire, lost height and crashed in a bog. Some of the younger Guides jumped out before the plane actually touched the ground and the others were thrown about inside the plane as it landed.

The captain of the aircraft and the Leader of the Guides decided that three of the crew should stay and help the older Guides to look after the injured and the younger ones while he and two of the older Guides, Mlle Chantel de Vitay and Mlle Andev Bonnet, scattered in search of help.

Mlle De Vitay, after wandering in the hills for five hours, was the first to find human habitation. Drenched and injured, she stumbled into the village of Enniskerry, and told what had happened.

Search parties and troops then scoured the mountains in the darkness looking for the wrecked plane. They feared that some of the Guides might die of their injuries. But when they found the wreck all the girls were alive and none, fortunately, was very seriously injured.

## German Peace Workers

IT is an encouraging fact that four of the services in Germany organised by the International Voluntary Service for Peace have been allotted to young German volunteers. These have just been started at Hamburg, Meschede, Rendsburg, and Geldern. They will last for six to eight weeks, each taking about 25 young Germans, mainly students, for two weeks.

Their work will include clearance and repair of a children's home, river correction to prevent flooding, and the cutting of fuel for refugees who are too old or infirm to do it for themselves.

# WORLD NEWS REEL

**FUNNY!** German audiences laughed heartily at the first showing in Germany of the film, The Great Dictator, Charlie Chaplin's satire of Hitler.

The first ship to enter the port of Dunkirk since June 1940 was the Swedish vessel Jupiter.

*At the recent unveiling at Pretoria of a bronze equestrian statue of General Botha, first Prime Minister of South Africa, General Smuts said that if Botha were alive he would once more be an apostle of conciliation. He would bind the wounds of the nations.*

**UNO'S SOLDIERS.** The United Nations' Guard of 45 men are to have grey military uniforms.

The atom bomb laboratories at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, have produced small objects about the size of peas, called Carbon 14, which are to be used for research into cancer, diabetes, and other diseases.

*Recent earthquakes in the Dominican Republic in the West Indies have made 20,000 people homeless.*

**BOY MARKSMEN.** The King George V trophy for miniature rifle shooting, open to boys of the Empire, has been won by South Africa.

Canada is sending at least 3,000,000 bushels of apples to Britain from this year's crop.

*Moscow radio has reported the recent finding of a mammoth in Siberia, buried some forty feet down.*

**UNITY!** Representatives of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark at a recent conference in Oslo agreed on the joint operation of a Transatlantic air service by all three countries.

Petrol is now unrationed in Spain.

*Arrangements have been made to take photographs of precious Icelandic manuscripts at Oxford, Leeds, and Edinburgh Universities for exhibition in Iceland's National Museum.*

This year's harvest in Canada is expected to provide over 300,000,000 bushels of grain for export.

# HOME NEWS REEL

**SAILING WRENS.** In the recent regatta at Cowes, Wrens took part in the sailing race for whalers.

The US aircraft-carrier Baltimore recently arrived at London docks with a cargo of 8000 tons of wheat.

*During the week of the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Mountain Ash nearly 100,000 people paid for admission.*

**LIFE-SAVER.** The Lifeboat Institution's vellum of thanks has been given to Mr George Leng, formerly coxswain of the Flamborough lifeboat, Yorkshire, who has saved 100 lives.

The Queen Elizabeth is to make her first trip since the war as a passenger liner, to New York from Southampton, on October 16. Thereafter she will sail regularly.

*First prize for the best garden on the London Transport stations was awarded to Station-Master H. Barker of Hammersmith on the Metropolitan Line.*

**INDIARUBBER DOG.** A bull-terrier fell 530 feet down Beachy Head recently and was only slightly injured.

The West of England is to continue to have its own separate wavelength in the BBC home services. From October it will be 307.1 metres, transferred from the European Services.

*The new Government aeronautical research station near Bedford will cost £20,000,000. It is expected to employ about 5000 persons, of whom 1400 are to be highly-qualified technicians and scientists.*

**GREAT OCCASION.** On the inauguration of United Nations Week on September 29, the King will give a message to the nation.

The battleships Nelson, Howe, and Anson are to be used as training ships.

*On the beaches at Great Yarmouth, road safety games for children were organised as part of the town's Safety First campaign.*

**V C's GIFT.** The sum of £1500 presented to Major R. H. Cain, an Arnhem V C, by his fellow workers, has been handed over by him to his old school, King William's College in the Isle of Man, to found a scholarship.

Paul Matthews, aged 13, saved his mother from drowning when they were carried away by a current while bathing at Mawgan Porth, Cornwall. He struggled towards the shore with her until a life-line reached them and pulled them to safety.

*Over 400 Town Planners will attend the Summer School of the Town Planning Institute, to be held at Durham University from September 1 to 8.*

Kept in a place of safety for seven years, exhibits from the Pure Science Department of the Science Museum, South Kensington, are now on view again.

**FUR CENTRE.** The official market for selling Russian fur products, which during the war were sold in America, is now to be in London.

The Church of England has about 400 deaconesses working in Britain and overseas.

# YOUTH NEWS REEL

**CHIEF SCOUT'S TOUR.** Lord Rowallan is due in Ottawa on September 1 for a three-month tour of Canada. In the new year he will visit West Africa.

On the last day of their visit to this country, 15 Maltese Scouts and six from Gibraltar visited the London Offices of Cable and Wireless, Ltd, where they were able to send telegrams to their families. The Scouts returned in the Fraser, an aircraft-carrier.

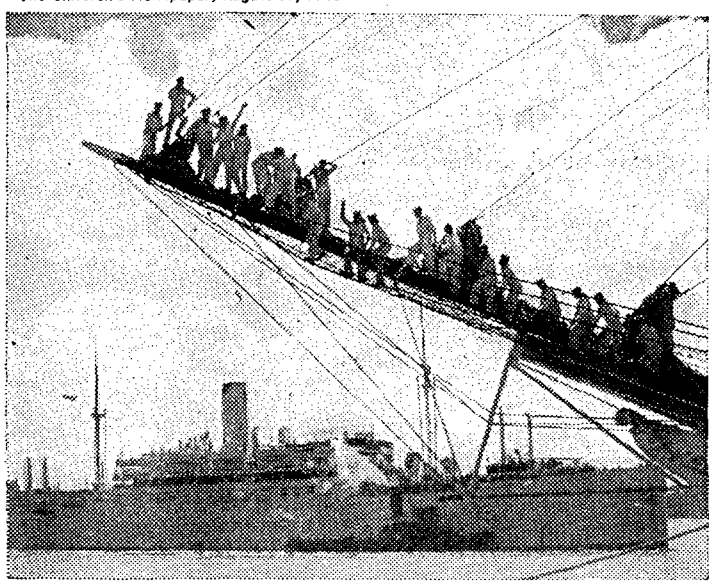
*Eight Scouts of the 2nd Clowne (Derbyshire) Troop ring the bells at St John's Church, Chesterfield, to which they are attached, under the direction of the Assistant Scoutmaster.*

**EMPIRE GUIDERS.** Guiders from the Empire overseas have been holding a camp at Foxlease in the New Forest. Foxlease, which was opened in 1924, was the first Guiders' Training School to be established.

With the help of members of the RAF Regiment a Boys Brigade company, 50 strong, has been formed by the Chinese Methodist Church at Penang, Straits Settlements.

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**Youth on the Bowsprit**

Cadets of the Polish Merchant Navy training ship, Dar Pomarza, on the bowsprit of their old ship after her arrival at Southampton Docks on her first training cruise. Beyond is a modern ship, the S S Empire Trooper.

## *MORE SEALS IN THE SOUTH*

THERE has been a marked increase in the number of seals round the coasts of the South Island of New Zealand and Stewart Island. A seal rookery has been found at the head of Bluff Harbour, the most southerly port of the Dominion.

The sealing season in Antarctic waters is very short and restricted to a small area only, and fishermen state that an increase in the seals may affect their catches as seals have been known to bite blue cod in half as they were being hauled into the boat.

## Horse Saves Dog

WHILE travelling in a Glasgow bus recently one of our Scottish correspondents witnessed an extraordinary example of forethought in an animal.

A big dog rushed from the pavement in front of a horse as the bus approached, and the horse, apparently realising that the dog was in danger of being run over if it went on, quickly lowered its head and gripped the fur on the dog's back between its teeth, holding it in this way until the danger was past.

The dog snapped viciously at its rescuer, not realising that the carthorse had probably saved its life.

## A School's Thank-Offering

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL has paid a fitting and graceful tribute to the parishioners of Bromyard, the little market town in the Herefordshire hills where the school was evacuated during the war. Westminster has presented a new Oxford Lectern Bible to the ancient church together with a tablet inscribed:

*The Bible on the adjoining lectern is the grateful gift of the Royal College of St Peter at Westminster to the church of St Peter, Bromyard, and commemorates five years of the school's evacuation during war time, 1940 to 1945, when the boys living at Buckenhill used this church for Sunday worship, and the whole school assembled here at the beginning and end of term.*

## *GIs AGAIN*

THE old market town of Warminster in Wiltshire, with its 14th-century church and its pre-Roman earthworks near by, is again to have thousands of men from the New World as neighbours.

Warminster's wartime camps are to house American soldiers before they join the occupation army in Germany. The GIs will undergo training on Salisbury Plain.

# Good Neighbourhood

ON a bombed site just off the Bayswater Road is as fine a kitchen garden as any Londoner could wish to see. It belongs to Mr Balchin ("Jack" to all the quiet neighbourhood) who manages the big garage over the roof of Bayswater Underground station and lives next door, in pretty Caroline Place.

Caroline Place has 46 four-roomed cottages, built about 120 years ago for the servants of Kensington Palace. Queen Victoria, who was born at the Palace, knew it well. Each has its tiny garden, front and back, beautifully tended. But Mr Balchin also has the garden which a neighbour, William Woodward, made for himself during the war, when the house at the back of his home at 45 Caroline Place was bombed.

Here is a fine pear-tree, laden with fruit, and a fig-tree also. Here are potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce, radishes, runner-beans, parsnips, beetroot, cabbages, marrows, onions, parsley, and mint; cultivated blackberries, too.

William Woodward died last March at the ripe age of 81, and now Jack Balchin's nephew James keeps the garden in order, and sees that Mrs Woodward, who is in her 90th year, has her share of everything.

Despite her age, Mrs Woodward is bright and active. She reads the papers, enjoys the visits of relatives and neighbours and keeps her 4-roomed cottage in spotless order. But she cannot cope with the work of the garden, and is thankful that the Balchins, who live opposite, have proved such good neighbours.

## THE GREAT KICK-OFF

ON Saturday the English football season opens and for the next seven months the clubs will be engaged in League and Cup games.

This season the clubs return to their pre-war Divisions (First; Second; and Third, North and South), with the usual promotion and relegation. The F.A. Challenge Cup has attracted 438 entries for this season's competition, which is to be decided on the one-match "knock-out" basis of former years.

At the end of last season some of our big clubs made very successful tours abroad, and now many countries want to return the compliment. In October champion sides from Czechoslovakia, Denmark, and Sweden may meet some of our clubs, and next month Iceland, for the first time, is sending a representative side to meet some of our best amateur clubs.

There will be a full programme of International matches for the home countries; and Holland, in November, and France, in May, will provide opposition from abroad.

## *COMING DOWNSTAIRS*

WHEN English children mount or descend the stairs of a bus, they do so as they would walk up and down the stairs at home. Not so some Dutch children who recently visited London. They had never seen a two-decker bus before, and when they came to descend one at the end of a journey they came down backwards, as they would down a ladder.

## The Miller and the Sweep

AT a recent Cornish sports meeting at Par there was an unusually exciting contest in which the participants were referred to as the miller and the sweep.

They sat astride a pole facing each other, and while the "sweep" brandished his familiar bag of soot the "miller" was armed with a bag, not of flour in these days, but of china clay, an excellent substitute for the purpose, mined in the locality.

With these weapons each sought to knock his opponent off his precarious perch. The fun was fast and furious, the soot and china clay flying in all directions. The "miller" was soon black and the "sweep" white as they slogged heartily at one another.

In the end the blackest miller ever seen made a perfectly clean sweep of his opponent and both hurried home for a much-needed bath.

## *MINDING THE BABY*

FROM Washington comes news of a strange venture by ex-Servicemen.

Anyone wanting a baby-minder in America's capital city simply looks up Universal Baby Sitters, Inc, in the telephone book. They need not be surprised when a male voice answers the phone, for this newly-formed "baby sitter" business is run by five ex-Servicemen, who take their books along with them to study while they keep an eye on their small charges. The veterans' motto is "Silence Without Violence."

# Launching the Ship

ELECTRIC eyes will be used in order to launch future big ships into the Clyde. A safety measure, the use of the "eyes," will enable carpenters to walk clear at a normal pace instead of making the usual last-minute rush after knocking away the keel blocks and shores which hold ships in position in the slipways. In addition, the device will eliminate possible hitches in the course of the actual launchings.

When a big ship is ready for the water an electric eye, linked by a wire to a switchboard from which electric power is passing through cables to giant machines below the keel, will emit rays on a narrow white line on one side of the red-painted bows. When the shores and blocks have been knocked clear the vessel will be prevented from rushing into the water by these great machines because the power fed to them through cables presses them hard against the keel like brakes. The ship has, in fact, a mechanical brake as, creaking and groaning, she slowly settles down on the greased sliding ways for her progress into the water. As she settles the hull will move slightly and with it the white line on the bow. This will throw the "eyes" rays clear of the white line on to the red-coloured hull, and the change will cause the "eye" to blink, sending an impulse along the connecting wire to the switchboard, which will shut off the power being transmitted to the machines.

Deprived of power, the machines will fall away and the ship will be unleashed.

## Sprightly Seventies

TWO Englishwomen of grandmotherly age have recently shown that they are as full of energy as ever. One of them is Mrs Nettleton, aged 72, who was third in the competition for the women's world archery championship, held at Stockholm in Sweden. It was won by an Englishwoman, Mrs Burr.

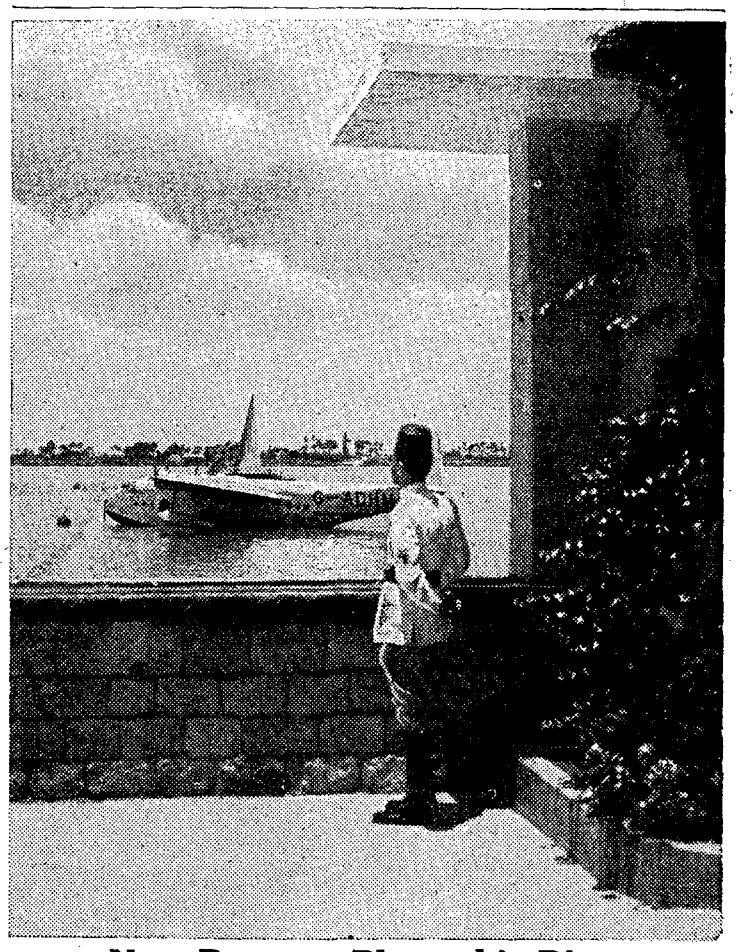
Another energetic old lady is Mrs Agnes Griffin, actually a grandmother aged 71, who was stroke of her crew—which included her daughter aged 40—in a four-oared gig race over a course a mile long at the Whitby regatta not long ago. Mrs Griffin's crew were second and were beaten by only a length. They were heartily cheered all along the course. Mrs Griffin rowed in her first regatta more than 50 years ago.

## FLYING FAMILY

A SOUTH AFRICAN in England, Mr Jack Berry, grew tired of going round to shipping agents in London trying to get passages for himself, his wife, and two children to South Africa. So the family decided to buy a light aeroplane and fly home. Mr Berry had been in the R A F, but he had never flown over Central Africa.

They bought a Percival Proctor plane and set out on their adventure. The two children were aged eleven months and two years, and as there were only three seats in the plane the junior had to sit on mother's lap.

They made the journey in easy stages and arrived in Cape Town five weeks after leaving England. Their trip cost little more than two single fares from England by sea.



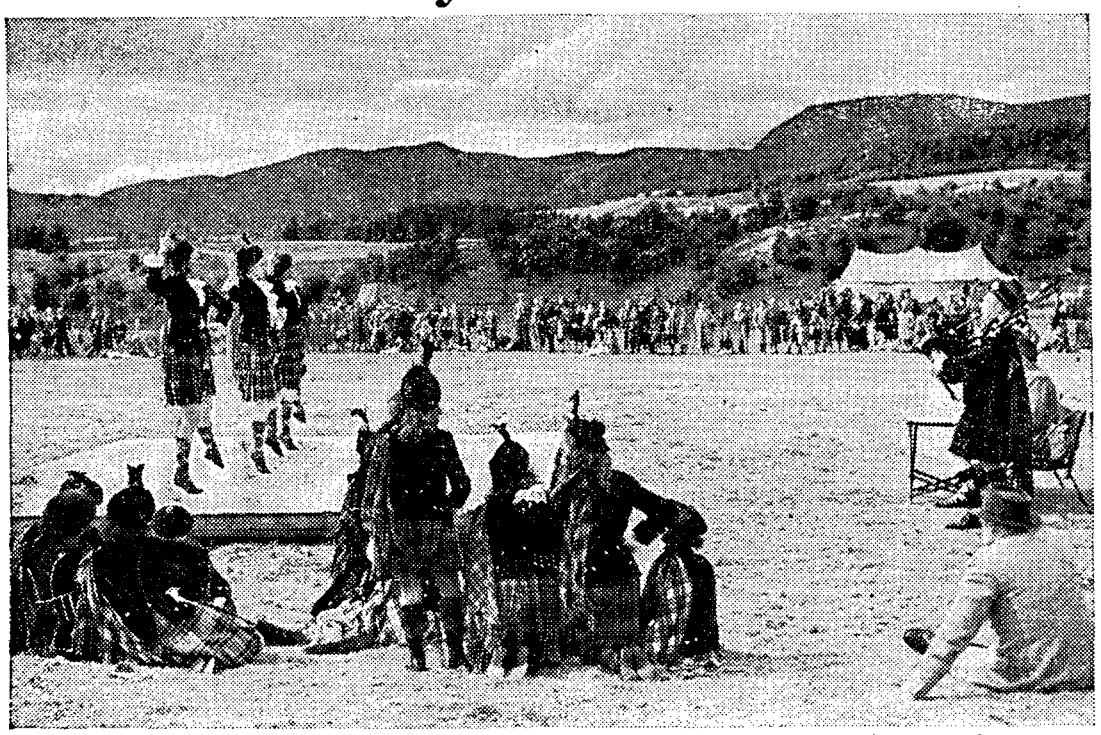
**New Boat on Pharaoh's River**

A flying-boat on the Nile near Cairo. Planes of this type, the Empire C Class, maintain the vast Horseshoe Route, as it is called, between Durban, Lake Victoria, Cairo and Calcutta.

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# Proud Days in the North



*Dancers at the Highland Games held at Newtonmore in Inverness-shire recently*

IN the bracing air of a Scottish summer, the famous Highland games are now in full swing in various places in the North, and visitors are being fascinated by the contests of athletes, dancers, and pipers in their national costume against a background of the glorious moors and hills.

On Friday and Saturday this week-end the spectacular Cowal Highland Gathering is being revived at Dunoon on the Clyde coast. Here, leading dancers, pipers, and athletes from all over Scotland will compete. One of the most impressive events at the meeting is the march of a thousand pipers, whose wild thrilling music will stir many onlookers who are not of Scottish ancestry. Kilted dancers, like those in the picture above, will compete in championship events, performing the spirited reels and other traditional dances which only Highlanders can step to perfection.



The athletic contests, for which at this meeting the prizes total £2000, give an excellent opportunity for the display of Scottish brawn and toughness. There are usually such events as throwing the hammer—no ordinary hammer—putting the weight, and a contest peculiar to Scotland, tossing the caber.

The word caber comes from the Gaelic cabar, meaning pole or beam. A caber is the lower trunk of a larch tree, planed smooth and heavier at one end than the other; it is usually about 20 feet long. The competitor raises the thinner end of the pole in his locked hands with the pole resting against his shoulder, He runs forward and heaves up the pole with the object of making it come down on its thick end and turn over so that it falls on the ground in a straight line with the tosser. It is a sport for giants of a strong and hardy race.

Visitors to the Highland Games from other countries carry away with them abiding memories of a unique and romantic spectacle in romantic setting.

## BRAVO GEORGE & BRAVO PETER

A 15-YEAR-OLD boy is the new organist and choirmaster in the South Church of St Nicholas, one of Aberdeen's largest churches.

This young organist is George Robb, the son of an Aberdeen labourer, and he has been training as an organist for a year, having been a pianist since he was seven.

In spite of this remarkable achievement George's ambition is to become a veterinary surgeon.

AUTHOR at eight is the proud achievement of Peter Millard, of Manningtree in Essex. This schoolboy has just had his first book accepted by an Amsterdam publishing firm. Peter's manuscript was seen and read by Mrs Mary Manheim during a visit to this country, and she was so impressed that she sent it to her husband, who is head of the publishing firm.

The story is one for children, beginning as a fairy story and ending with a Commando raid. Peter said that he wrote the book for his own amusement.

## OAT-CAKE OR PORRIDGE?

IT would have astonished the great Dr Johnson could he have known that oatmeal and porridge would ever be dignified by forming the subject of Parliamentary debate, as recently happened. Oats, from which porridge is derived, Dr Johnson dismissed in his dictionary with a jibe—"A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

The rejoinder of Boswell, Johnson's Scottish friend and biographer, is no less famous, for he asked where else could such men and such horses be found?

But is porridge the be-all and end-all of the Scotsman's oat crop? A Scottish doctor, long resident in London, has been telling us that his endurance of weeks of overwork during an epidemic of years ago, was due to the fact that "there's a lot of porridge in my bones." Then he qualified the statement by adding that porridge was not, after all, the mainstay of his youth. As a boy, he said, he used to eat an immense breakfast of hard oat-cake—that is, biscuit made of oatmeal—accompanied by deep draughts of milk. Then he would run a mile or more to the station to catch the train for school. That meal sustained him, he said, until his return home in the early afternoon to the hot dinner awaiting him. Oat-cake, he maintains, not porridge, is Scotland's standby.

We in England are all for oatmeal porridge nowadays. But that Parliament should debate a diet so scorned by Dr Johnson must almost have made him fret and stir in his tomb hard by in Westminster Abbey.

### Starting Young



This small Brazilian, balancing two tins of earth and plants, is imitating the way, grown-ups in his country carry heavy burdens.

## The Editor's Table

### AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

CHARTWELL, the home of Winston Churchill which has been presented to the National Trust, belongs to that select company of Englishmen's homes which have sheltered and nurtured the most illustrious of our race. In years to come men will go down to Chartwell to see where lived the man who led Britain to victory, and with matchless language and power exhorted the people to attain their "finest hour."

We all like to know what a man is like at home. Much of history is built up from the small affairs of daily life which occur at home. What sort of chair did the great man sit in? What was the view from his study window? What ornaments are there on the mantelpiece? What pictures and what books? All this fixes a man in our memories and affection.

PAST generations knew of Gladstone hewing trees at Hawarden, of Disraeli on the lawns of Hughenden, of Livingstone in his humble home at Blantyre. The houses matched the men. At Downe in Kent Darwin's house speaks for the great scientist, at Grasmere Wordsworth's cottage is a revelation of the poet and the man. Who stands on the green sward at Sulgrave and does not capture something of the spirit of Washington—English gentleman at heart but founder of a new nation? Who goes to Stratford without seeing a little of the magic that Shakespeare saw in This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England?

THE home speaks for the Englishman as nothing else can do. It is at once his castle, the storehouse of his treasures, and the reflection of his character. There he receives his friends, tills his garden, sets up his monuments of love and, "be it ever so humble," calls it home. Asked what he most missed during wartime Mr Churchill replied, "Going down to Chartwell"—a reply which in their several ways millions of Englishmen would have echoed.

In the same week that Mr Churchill's home became a national possession the first family allowances were paid in this country, token that the nation's dreams of a fairer day for the Englishman's home are coming true. The giant of want is being attacked on the threshold of all men's homes, in practical recognition that it is the home environment which best moulds the future citizen.

HER homes are Britain's permanent wealth. The place called Home is the nursery of the good, the true, the beautiful; it is the fount of true patriotism, and the seat of love for all men.

### America's Shakespeare

FOR the first time, an American has produced one of the Shakespeare plays during the annual season at the Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon.

The man to achieve this distinction is Mr Frank McMullan, who is 38, a Master of Fine Arts in Drama at Yale University, and a native of Georgia. The play was Measure for Measure.

Those who have been fortunate enough to visit Stratford-on-Avon will realise how devoted are Americans to all concerning Shakespeare; for he is, of course, a common heritage of the English-speaking peoples.

### This Form-Filling Age

SOMEONE suggested the other day that this might well be described as the Form-filling Age, and certain it is that the average citizen must spend a fair proportion of his time in placing the necessary answers on the appropriate dotted lines. A century ago, in 1842, a newspaper reporter complained of the same thing.

*Private affairs must be divulged; private feelings outraged; malicious curiosity gratified; poor, shrinking pride, be it never so honest, humbled and put to the blush; deceit and the meanness of petty trickery encouraged in evasion; and much appalling immorality spread with the abandonment of truth. Many a gentleman will sicken over the forms he has to bear with; and many a tradesman will become either ruined or a rogue.*

How far this writer was justified in his complaints we dare not say, but we feel sure that his pen would not remain mute could he but witness the extent to which form-filling has increased since his day.

*JUST AN IDEA*

*As St Bernard says: Humility and Toil are the two uprights of the ladder by which we climb to Heaven.*

## Under the E



**PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW**

**If the Invisible Man used vanishing cream**

CATERING for holiday-makers is a pressing problem. So is travelling.

⊡

*MANY laundries find it difficult to pay their way. Just manage to rub along.*

⊡

BRITONS can go where they please to work. It is to be hoped that they will please.

⊡

*SOME people take in several newspapers. And some newspapers take them in.*

⊡

A MAN is advertising for a striking clock. Wants one that strikes his fancy.

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## THINGS SAID

…s far as the Royal Navy is concerned I think we have …oken the ice with the Russians, …d we hope the good relations …ablished during our visit will continued.

*Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser*

…HERE is no reason why Britain should not see on its tele…ion screens today something …t happened in America yes…day, and vice-versa.

*John Royal, an American television expert*

…WILL not let the fruits of victory be lost in a day. I …l not change my determination …resume my responsibilities and …ablish a peaceful united demo…tic country.

*General Chiang Kai-shek*

…UPPLIES of food should be fully adequate within a couple of …ars. *R. Weatherall*

…SAY, let us once more open our doors. We want to see a …ropean influx into South …rica that will re-create our …untry. *General Smuts*

—++—

## FOR EVER ENGLAND

…the Piazza di Spagna in Rome is the house where the mortal poet Keats, all too …on, breathed his last; and in …e Protestant Cemetery outside …e walls of Rome is a corner …ere he and Shelley were laid rest side by side. They are …llowed places for Englishmen …d an appeal has been made … fresh funds for their upkeep. In a letter to The Times … read how the chief treasures Keats' house were removed to …e abbey of Monte Cassino in …39, and concealed by the …nks from the German division …t to plunder the abbey. …eanwhile, the Italian curator the house adroitly saved it …m the Germans.

We owe a debt to the Italians … having preserved these …ecious English monuments in …e Eternal City.

## …tor's Table

…R civil airways have not yet got into their full stride, says a …ter. They must be walking on air.

⊡

*…HERE are all kinds of reasons why … silver is scarce. The chief being …t we haven't got much.*

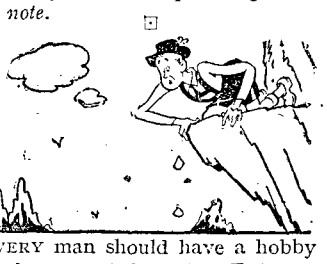
⊡

…FAMOUS tenor speaking at a conference said he wanted to …e his say. He ought to have …de a song about it.

⊡

*…LADY at a concert sang the Spin…ning Song. Hope she got her note.*

⊡



…VERY man should have a hobby he can get down to. But sup…se it is mountain-climbing?

## A Very Special Special

THE "eight forty-five" is usually a City worker's train into town, but out of Paddington the other day there ran a very different 8.45. It was the Kiddies' Express and it carried 500 children and their parents to spend a happy day at Weston-super-Mare, 137 miles away.

This 8.45 was a very special "special." In the centre of the train was a well-stocked buffet car, while at each end was an entertainment hall complete with stage. There were also clowns on board. A long railway journey loses its monotony with these and other pastimes that were provided for the young travellers.

It was such a special "special," however, because it was the first organised day excursion to run out of Paddington since the reintroduction of cheap fares—the resumption of a very happy summertime feature which was interrupted by the war. We hope that this cheap day trip will soon be followed by many others, so that town-dwellers throughout the land may have the opportunity of spending at least a few happy hours by the sea at small cost.

—++—

## Life is Good

WHEN storms threatened to spoil the first day of the Surrey versus Middlesex match at Kennington Oval, which was for the benefit of Tom Barling and Alf Gover, two professionals who have given Surrey grand service, Alf Gover is stated to have said to a journalist in reply to a word of sympathy: "Why worry? Aren't we lucky to be alive?"

Those words are the mark of a true sportsman; and they show, too, that our grand old game teaches the right philosophy of life.

—++—

## PRAYER

BE not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.

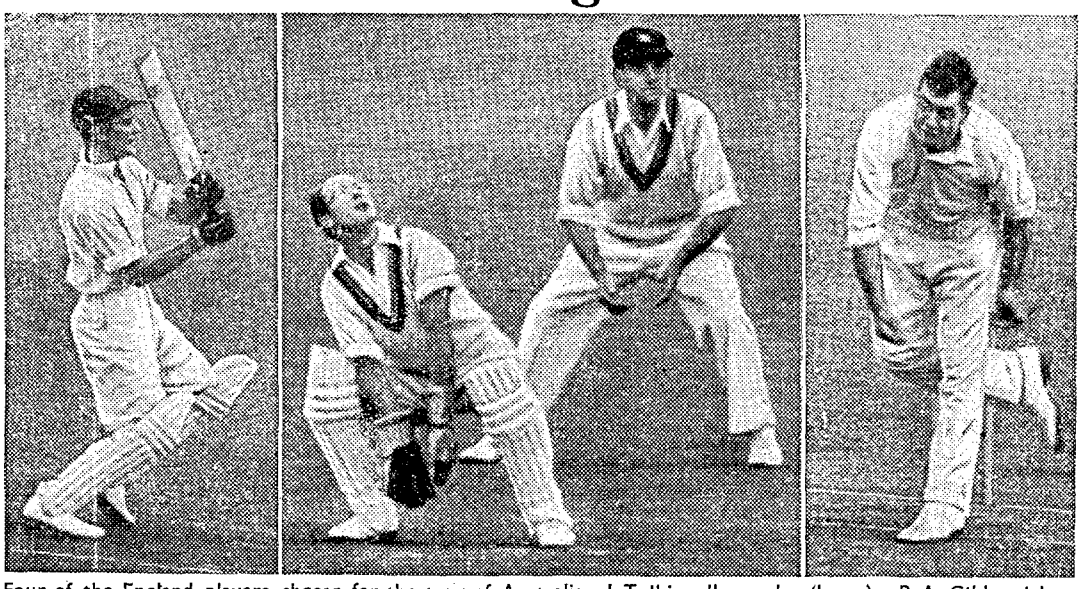
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the Spirit so on earth to be;

But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

*Hartley Coleridge*

# Will These Men Bring Back the Ashes?



Four of the England players chosen for the tour of Australia—J. T. Ikin, all-rounder (Lancs); P. A. Gibb, wicket-keeper (Yorks), and W. R. Hammond, Captain (Glos); and A. V. Bedser, fast-medium bowler (Surrey).

ON Saturday England's Test players sail from Southampton to endeavour to win back the mythical Ashes; and in Australia a great welcome awaits the first team from this country for ten years.

The 17 men chosen for the tour are: W. R. Hammond (Captain), Glos; P. A. Gibb, L. Hutton, and N. W. D. Yardley, of Yorkshire; J. T. Ikin, R. Pollard, and C. Washbrook, of Lancs; A. V. Bedser and L. B. Fishlock, of Surrey; D. Compton and W. J. Edrich, of Middlesex; J. Hardstaff and W. Voce, of Notts; T. G. Evans and D. V. P. Wright, of Kent; T. P. Smith, Essex; and James Langridge, Sussex. Of these, Hammond, Fishlock, Hardstaff, and Voce have toured Australia before.

### Reward of Merit

These cricketers have been selected by men who know the value of each man, and each has won his place on merit. But, whether batsmen or bowlers, all have one thing in common—smartness in the field; for the Test Selectors chose the man only if his work in the field was good, too. A dropped catch or a fumbled ball has so often proved costly and altered the entire situation of the game.

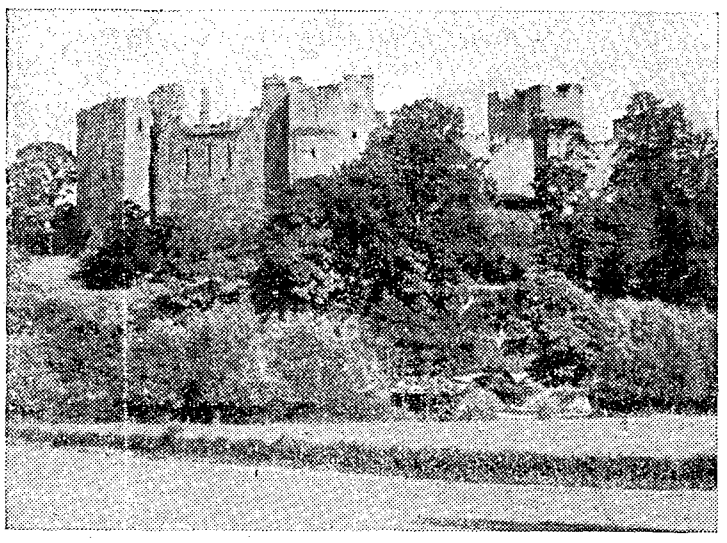
Australians have a great liking for Wally Hammond, who is making his fourth trip, although only his first as captain, and his personality will mean a lot to his team—and its opponents. All our men will be studied very closely by the Australians, but some will receive particular attention.

Len Hutton is sure to attract, for the man who could get the biggest score ever made in Test cricket, beating even their idol Don Bradman, must be in the highest rank! Hutton's 364, at the Oval in 1938, was also the longest innings in first-class cricket, taking 13 hours 20 minutes. Bill Voce is well known to Australians, but Alec Bedser is the bowler they will want to see, as explained in a recent C N.

The all-rounder J. T. Ikin will help them to recall the brave action of another Lancashire left-hander, Eddie Paynter, who rose from a sick-bed to save the day for England some years ago. But the England men will be welcome, whatever their play; ten years is a long time!

Incidentally, it is 70 years since the first officially recognised matches between England and Australia were played, and of the 143 Tests Australia have won 57, England have won 55, and 31 were left drawn.

We wish Wally Hammond and his fine team a happy tour.



THIS ENGLAND

**Ludlow Castle, scene of the first performance of Milton's Comus.**

# COMUS COMES TO TOWN

THREE hundred and twelve years ago three young people, Lord Brackley, his brother Thomas Egerton, and their sister Alice, children of the Earl of Bridgewater, were lost for a night in a wood near Harefield, Middlesex.

The children's father was about to be installed President of the Council of Wales, so Henry Lawes, the greatest musical composer of the age, was asked to write a play, or masque, for the occasion. He turned to his friend Milton, desiring him to write the words, and a play was composed, with the children's adventure as the theme.

That play was Comus, Ludlow Castle, the Earl's official residence, the setting, with the three children playing foremost parts in the performance, and Milton, it is believed, in the audience. In the first week of September Comus is to be played on the stage of one of our greatest London theatres, as drama, dance, and pageant, just as it was played at Ludlow Castle in 1634.

### Rich in Quotation

The play is famous as having given us more magnificent quotations than any other play, except those of Shakespeare. The poet thought so little of it, however, that he did not trouble to publish it. This was done, in 1647, by Lawes, who explained that he did so because, as possessor of the manuscript, he had written out copies for friends until his "pen was tired." Milton's name was not mentioned in the early printed copies; indeed, it did not receive the name Comus until after his death.

Ludlow Castle, scene of its first presentation, has its place in history as the home, with Katherine of Aragon, for the last six months of his life, of Prince Arthur, elder brother of the lad who was to become Henry the Eighth. But to literature the castle is chiefly celebrated as the stage on which was produced the immortal masterpiece that a London theatre is at last to present to a far bigger audience.

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# THE BLACK PRINCE'S GREAT DAY

IF we were a vain, warlike people, August 26 would have been celebrated with martial pomp and ceremony throughout the land. For that day was the 600th anniversary of one of our mightiest military victories in Europe—gained at Crécy in 1346 over a French army immensely superior in numbers.

The quarrel had arisen mainly from the claim of our Edward the Third to the French throne, his mother being Isabella of France. But there were commercial disputes as well, and the French had attacked our ports.

Edward had responded, in 1340, by annihilating the French fleet at Sluys, and in 1346 he landed in Normandy.

Names that blazed afresh into prominence following our D day landings appear in the movements of Edward. Desiring to cross the Seine, he found all the bridges down, and had to follow the river almost up to Paris, with a great French army keeping watch on the opposite bank. Edward managed at last to gain the other side, and afterwards to reach and cross the Somme. There he took position on a border of the forest of Crécy.

He divided his little army into three divisions, with archers in front, supported by dismounted knights and men-at-arms. The Black Prince, his son, aged 16, was in nominal command of the foremost division, the king commanding the third, slightly in rear, as reserve.

Until five o'clock in the afternoon of August 26 the English rested, keeping their bowstrings dry, while the huge French host, with 6000 Genoese cross-bowmen leading, with their unprotected bowstrings sodden by a thunderstorm, came toiling in disorder from Abbeville. Philip, the French king, expected the Genoese arrow-flights to clear a way for his cavalry, and that one great charge of his mailed horsemen would rout the small force opposing him.

The Genoese, however, were outmatched by the superbly-trained English archers, whose arrows also played havoc with the French cavalry.

Fifteen times did the French seek to charge home, and once Edward was asked to bring aid to the Black Prince's hotly-pressed division. So confident was the king, however, that, learning that his son was unhurt, he declared that he would not interfere, adding that the leaders should "let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory of this day shall be given to him."

The battle continued with increasing slaughter of the French, the English arrows falling with such rapidity that, according to Froissart, who had his account from those who fought, "it seemed as if it snowed." At night the defeated French withdrew.

Crécy was the first great land battle of the Hundred Years' War, which, including such victories as Poitiers and Agincourt, led, in 1430, to our nine-year-old Henry VI being crowned King of France at Notre Dame in Paris.

## BEDTIME CORNER

### NINA'S CATCH

ONE day when Nina was feeding her canary, she opened the door of the cage too wide, and out he flew.

Worried, she held out a lump of sugar to coax him back, but he flew farther away.

Round and round the room he flew, Nina after him. Then he spied a dish of ripe plums. Down he hopped, and while he was taking a bite Nina popped her big sun hat over him, and the truant was caught.

### Hark! Sea Shanty



### *Prayer*

*DAY by day let me praise Thy name with a thankful and a contrite heart, O Lord. Amen*

### How the Golden-Crested Wren Won His Crown

THE birds of the air, long long ago,
Decided they needed a king, and so
They asked the Owl, who was old and wise,
Who should be monarch of the skies.
And the Owl proclaimed, with a solemn frown :
" He who flies highest shall wear the crown."
Up aloft soared the birds on the wing,
Each one determined to be the king.
The Swift flew high, and the Kestrel too,
But the Eagle was almost lost to view.
His mighty pinions outflew them all,
Till at last he tired, and began to fall.
Then amidst his feathers, something stirred,
And out there fluttered a tiny bird.
Twas a " Wren " which had stealthily hidden there,
And now flew up boldly into the air.
Thus the smallest of birds outwitted the rest,
And he wears to this day a golden crest.

*In spite of its name the Golden-Crested Wren is not a true Wren, as is the familiar Jenny Wren.*

# Great Cluster of 100,000 Suns

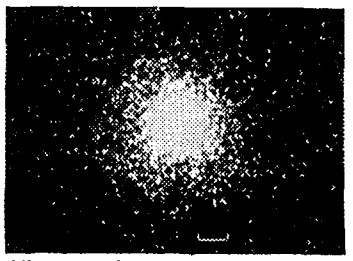
By the C N Astronomer

APPARENTLY within the confines of the Trapezium of Hercules is one of the marvels of our Universe. It was shown as M 13 on our star map for August 17. M 13 is in no way part of the Trapezium, being far beyond those six stars.

The nearest and most interesting of these is Zeta, which is only some 29 light-years distant, or about 1,835,400 times farther away than our Sun. It consists of a solar system with a sun very similar to our own, yellowish and only slightly larger and more massive.

At an average distance of 1,135,000,000 miles is another much smaller body, obviously a world-in-the-making; it is reddish and appears to be a flaming planet such as Jupiter or Saturn once was. It takes 35 years to revolve as compared with the 29½ years by Saturn.

Of the other Trapezium stars, Delta is about 70 light-years distant; Eta about 112 light-years; Beta about 125, Epsilon about 142, and Pi about 155 light-years distant.



**The star cluster (Messier 13) in Hercules. The scale line represents *10* light-years.**

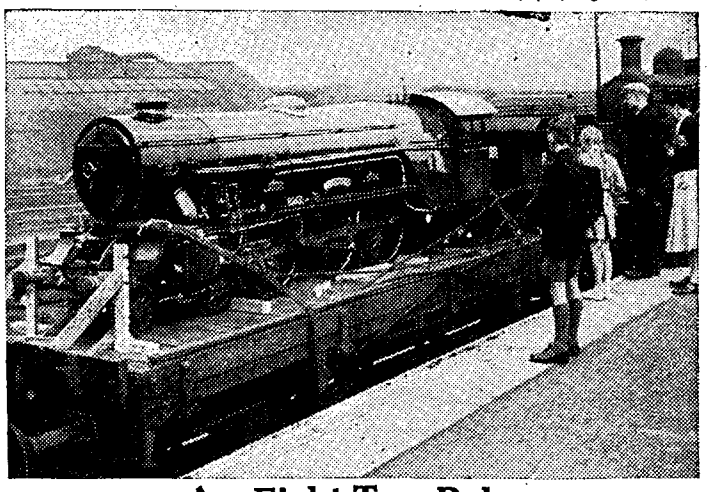
M 13, only just perceptible on clear, dark nights, appears as a very faint hazy star almost one-third of the way due south from Eta toward Zeta.

With glasses Messier 13 cannot be missed, for it will appear in the same field-of-view with Eta as a tiny ball of misty light with a bright centre. It is one of the three most distant objects that our unaided eyes can perceive. Actually its light takes about 35,000 years to reach us!

Seeking further, we find that a telescope with a lens of, say, six inches diameter will present a scene of glory composed of thousands of suns, very faint but all scintillating and sparkling, surrounding a central globular mass of light.

Telescopes of higher power reveal more and more suns until the whole central mass is found to be composed of suns of varied colours, many of them giants, assembled together in this inexplicable manner. Upwards of 100,000, most of them larger than our Sun, have been calculated.

These Suns appear so close together because of their vast distance from us; approximately ten light-years would be the length of the white scale-line shown on the photograph. Actually, great distances separate the suns and there is plenty of room for myriads of worlds. Were we situated upon one of them, however, we should see something like 100 bright stars in the sky at night for every one we see now from our situation in our Universe. G. F. M.



## An Eight-Ton Baby

The miniature engine Typhoon, pride of the smallest public railway in the world—the Romney, Hythe, and Dymchurch Railway—is seen here, lashed to an ordinary railway wagon, leaving the engine sheds at Ashford where it has been overhauled. The powerful baby locomotive, with its tender, weighs 8 tons.

# OUTLOOK FOR HURRICANES

THE weather is always in the news, however "unsettled" the Air Minstry finds it; but in America it may be so much more unsettling than in these islands of ours that new measures are being taken to keep an eye on it in advance.

What is most feared is the hurricane weather of August, September, and October; and though the whole region ravaged by hurricanes averages only seven in a year, and only a limited part of the area is affected by any single storm, a vast deal of damage may be done.

In the "Great Hurricane" which swept the West Indies in 1780, when France and England were at war, an English fleet off Santa Lucia was destroyed; and near Martinique the hurricane enveloped a convoy of French transports and sank 40 ships.

Hurricanes more often cross the Gulf and Caribbean coasts of Mexico, sometimes forming off Central America and moving north or north-westward. To anticipate them the United States Army, Navy, and Weather Bureau is now setting up 35 Radar stations which are expected to give 24 hours' notice of any hurricane about to take off 200 miles away. At the same time three Mexican airfields are now reserved for hurricane search planes equipped with Radar. This should suffice because a hurricane, devastating though it may be, moves forward as a whole only at a rate of about 12 miles an hour—and is seldom felt for more than a day or two in any one place.

# The German Who Loved England



NEXT to the Messiah by Handel, Elijah by Mendelssohn is the most popular of all oratorios and it is now 100 years since it was first performed. On August 26, 1846, Mendelssohn conducted it in the Birmingham Town Hall before an audience which was so enthusiastic that Mendelssohn himself said none of his other works had received so much applause at their first performance.

Felix Mendelssohn, most popular of all European composers in his day, was then 37. He was born in Hamburg in 1809, the grandson of another famous Mendelssohn, a philosopher; Felix's father was a banker who often said of himself that he was the son of a famous father and the father of a famous son. The family were Jewish, but Felix's father decided to bring up his children as Christians.

Felix first played the piano in public when he was nine and began to compose seriously when he was 12, but this early success never made him conceited.

He loved our country and first came here when he was 20, more for the sake of travel than to make money by his profession, for his father was rich. Nevertheless he conducted his own Symphony in C Minor at a London concert and was warmly applauded. Altogether he visited Britain ten times in his short life—he died in 1847—and of his London lodgings in Great Portland Street he said when he was in Italy: "That smoky nest is fated now and for ever to be my favourite residence. My heart swells when I think of it."

Children adored him and once, when at a friend's house in London the youngsters asked him to write some music for their party, he wrote the piece that afterwards became immortal as the Spring Song.

He was, perhaps, the only man who ever made that imperious lady Queen Victoria feel nervous. For when he was due to arrive at Buckingham Palace it was observed that the Queen, much agitated, tidied up her apartment with her own hands and removed her parrots, so as to make the room seemly for the reception of genius; and after he had played the piano and she had sung some of his own songs, she said: "I can do better than that, but I am afraid of you."

Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy—that was his full name—left behind him not only the undying genius of his work, but the memory of a kindly Christian character, unspoiled by wealth and success.

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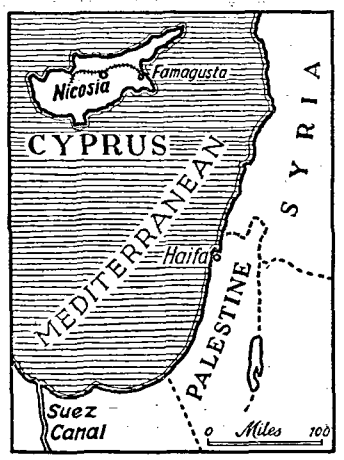
# Cyprus Grows in Importance

THE British Island of Cyprus has come prominently into the news lately. Lying within 200 miles of the Palestine coast, Cyprus may provide a temporary solution for the grave problem of Jewish immigration to Holy Land.

Cyprus has become important for another reason also. Now that our Government has agreed with the Egyptian Government that all British troops shall be withdrawn from Egypt, new bases in the Eastern Mediterranean have to be found, and they may be established on this island, which is about the size of Norfolk and Suffolk put together. From such a stronghold the vital Suez Canal could be partly defended if the tragedy of another war should ever overtake Humanity.

Cyprus has been ruled by the British since 1878 when Turkey, to whom the island then belonged, agreed that we should rule it in return for an annual payment and the promise of help if Turkey were attacked by another power. But when Turkey joined Germany in the First World War, Great Britain annexed Cyprus, and it was formally declared a colony in 1925.

The 384,000 people of Cyprus are divided into two distinct groups—the smaller group of Moslems, numbering 64,238, who are the descendants of the Turks who conquered the island in 1571, and the much larger one of Christians of the Orthodox Church who claim to be of Greek descent. Greek is the chief language of the islanders, but the Moslems are devoted to their Turkish speech, and have their own courts of law. In the Legislative Assembly debates are carried on in three languages, Greek, Turkish, and English.




During the war the people of Cyprus loyally supported the Allied cause, and Cypriot soldiers fought in Crete.

Cyprus is a mountainous country with two ranges, one in the north and the other in the south, with a broad plain between them which is traversed by a railway 71 miles long. On this plain just now the weather is oppressively hot, though there are cool breezes in the hills. The highest peak is 6406 feet. The mountains are snow-clad in the winter, but on the plains the temperature seldom reaches freezing point.

Rain falls only from October to May, but the soil is fertile and most of the people are farmers producing corn, citrus fruits, raisins, cotton, grapes, carob beans, and potatoes; and wool and hides from their numerous flocks. In Roman times Cyprus was famous for its copper, and our word copper comes from the Latin cyprium or cuprium; the mines, however, have long since been worked out.

The capital of Cyprus, Nicosia, lies inland at the foot of the northern mountains. The other towns are small seaports of which the best is Famagusta. There are 600 villages, and a scheme is now being undertaken by the Government of Cyprus to provide them all with a piped water supply and village health centres. An anti-malaria campaign is also being carried on.

Greatly increased prosperity awaits the Cypriots if their island becomes a naval and air base of the British Empire.





WHEN YOU ARE GROWN UP, and you look back on your childhood days, what a host of happy memories you will have. Some boys and girls, though, will remember only unkindness . . . because their parents treated them badly.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO THINK that those suffering to-day were having a happier childhood . . . because of YOU? You can help them now by joining the "League of Pity." This is the Junior Branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (President: H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth) and it safeguards little ones all over the land.

*WEAR THIS FINE BADGE and show you are helping to do a great work. Every member who gives 10/- is entitled to it. Why not write to the Director for full details?*

**The CHILDREN'S LEAGUE of PITY**

17, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

55/128

**EX-ARMY BELL TENTS £8 15s.**

Complete. Centre pole and accessories. Reconditioned. Sleeps 8. Dimensions 9ft. 6ins. Circumference 44ft.
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# TRIBUTE TO A GENIUS

THE boy, or girl, who aims at living the full life is always attracted by the pioneer, the man or woman who overflows with energy and ideas and can pass them on in a simple, direct, and thought-provoking way.

Such a pioneer was H. G. Wells, who recently passed away in his eightieth year.

Here is the tribute paid to him by an even older lover of humanity and its questing spirit, Sir Richard Gregory: "Mr H. G. Wells was my oldest and dearest friend, and we are as close in spirit now that he has passed into the dark valley as we have been during the past 60 years."

It was at one of Sir Richard's lectures at the Royal Society of Arts, we recall, that H. G. Wells, with a characteristic twinkle in his eyes, introduced himself to Arthur Mee with the words "An Encyclopedist too, I believe." Which makes us wonder if this was the title by which H. G. hoped to be remembered. It was the Encyclopedists with their advanced views on political and social matters who helped to bring about the French Revolution with its slogan Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

Wells was the life-long upholder and preacher of these human rights and duties, especially Fraternity, as every reader of his novels will agree. He enlists the reader's sympathy for his characters, as his own courage did in facing the privileged world of last century.

## The Fruits of Hard Work

For as a lad Herbert Wells knew what poverty meant, but by sheer dint of hard, enthusiastic study and long hours of work—habits that he never abandoned—he learned to write for the inspiration and enjoyment of his fellow men something of the wonders the new age of science had in store.

To him, however, it was not the amazing machines he foreshadowed (some actually created before he passed on) that really mattered, but the benefits they might confer on all mankind.

H. G. Wells had in high degree the good qualities of the idealist; and though naturally he also possessed his failings, they were minor ones which will soon be forgotten. His influence on the life of his times is undeniable and the good that he did will live long after him.

## Eric Learns Welsh

ERIC HACKER, aged 14, of Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, is well known in his district for his beautiful soprano voice and has won many prizes at local contests. His ambition was to sing at the National Eisteddfod in competition with the best boy singers in Wales.

But there was a snag where Eric was concerned. The song chosen for boy singers under 16 at this year's Eisteddfod had to be sung in Welsh, of which Eric knew not a word.

With splendid grit Eric determined to learn the Welsh words of the song and asked his schoolmaster to teach him. He learned to sing them perfectly, and at the recent Eisteddfod he was first among 27 competitors.

His song, Where You Walk, was recorded and has been broadcast.

## *HAT-TRICK*

NOT long ago Abdul Hafeez, the Indian left-hand batsman, decided to have a much-needed haircut. The barber, on being asked to cut it fairly short, set to work with such enthusiasm that, as Hafeez afterwards commented to his colleagues, it was the most expensive haircut he had ever had. When he put his hat on he found that it flopped down to his eyes, and he had to buy a new one!

# What the Rocks Reveal

*Holidays far afield again, and especially "holidays with pay," are enabling tens of thousands of us to explore our wonderful country in a way not possible before. The C N scientist suggests that a study of the rocks and other features of our landscape is well worth while.*

To the traveller with an inquiring mind England and Scotland, and Wales, offer a series of dissolving views of the past; of ages when volcanoes broke their bonds on the shores of Wales; of later ages when a warm sea surrounded an archipelago of islands where Wales, Durham, and Cumberland stand now; of ages when the slow uprising land was covered by lakes, by marshes, and at last by forests; and an Age, long after, when all but the southern part of the land was covered with glaciers of the last Ice Age.

The relics of this Past are on every hand. The most ancient are round about Snowdon, where we can see the turmoil that submarine volcanoes created 400 million years ago. Snowdon itself was not a volcano but was built in part of volcanic ash.

Further westward, at Saundersfoot in Pembroke, is a huge mass of rock that was flung upwards like a tent 200 million years later by an earthquake that settled the position of four of today's coalfields.

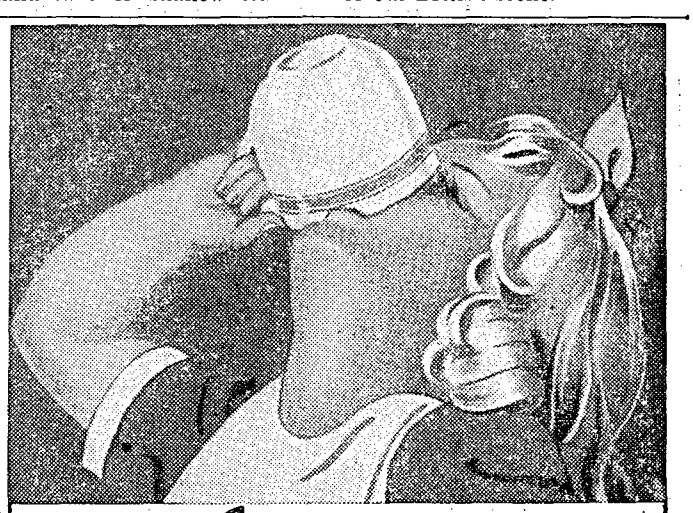
There are many such bequests, 35 in England, 13 in Wales, and few counties are without a legacy. Even London has one in the Charlton Sand Pit where the Red Sandstone and the Red Muds stand one upon another on top of the chalk, having been laid down when England was a shallow inland sea.

Monuments of that era of inland lake or shallow sea are common, a famous example being the 40-foot-high Hemlock Stone at Stapleford Hill near Nottingham, which has been carved into shape by wind and frost and rain.

Sarsen Stones, which are hard sandstone boulders deposited on the chalk of a vanished sea, stand like a row of soldiers on Fyfield Down in Wiltshire, near the beginnings of the Kennet, the angler's stream. Nearer London are sarsens and blocks of pudding-stone by a village green just north of Great Missenden; and right in the middle of Royston in Hertfordshire stands one of those great erratic blocks of the most ancient rocks, brought here by the glaciers from Scandinavia 20,000 years ago during our last Ice Age. Less conspicuous ones are freely scattered—Yorkshire has one with an international reputation, at Austwick near Settle, and in Wensleydale another is perched at the margin of a glacier lake.

Yorkshire has, too, the famous sponge beds of Flamborough Head, which are rivalled by the fossil forest of Lulworth in Dorset; the bone cave deposits of Victoria Cave, Settle, are challenged by those of Kent's Cavern, Torquay.

In short, wherever in this island a traveller brings his perceptive eye to bear, he has only to look about him to see what the great architect Nature has done to enhance the interest of our British scene.

It's OXO



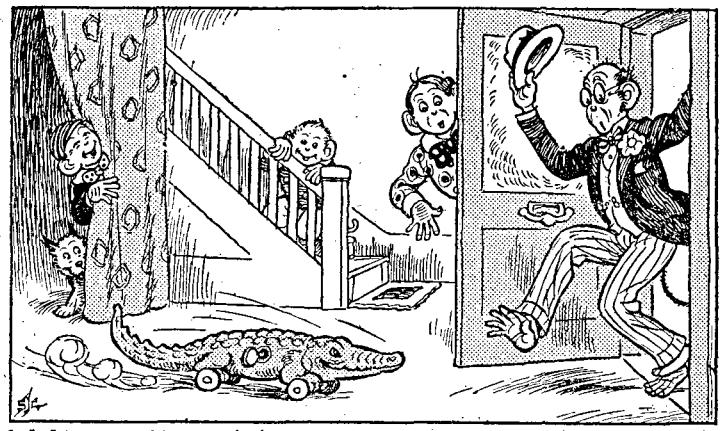

PREPARED FROM PRIME RICH BEEF

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# THE BRAN TUB

## Jacko Startles the Professor



WHEN mischievous Jacko saw a visitor coming up the garden path, he wound up his toy crocodile and hid with it behind a curtain. As Mother opened the door he let the crocodile go and Professor Pongo, who was short-sighted, gave a yell of dismay. "Oh! I didn't know you had a zoo here!" he cried. "Are there any lions and tigers about, too?" Naughty Jacko chuckled, but Mother was cross.

### NOT GUILTY

HOTEL clerk, making up account for departing guest: "Did you take a bath this morning, sir?"

"Why, is there one missing?"

### Maxim to Memorise

TEND your vine well, and you will have no need to envy your neighbour's.

### Tongue Twister

THE shivering sailor shrugged his shuddering shoulders.

### THE SAFETY LINE

*WHEN a laddie from Carlisle called Horder,*
*Bought a shiny old flute or recorder,*
*He played day and night,*
*So the neighbours took flight,*
*And ne'er stopped till they crossed the Scots Border.*

### Hidden County Cricketers

IN the following verse the names of nine famous county cricketers are concealed. Be careful. You may very easily miss two or three of them.

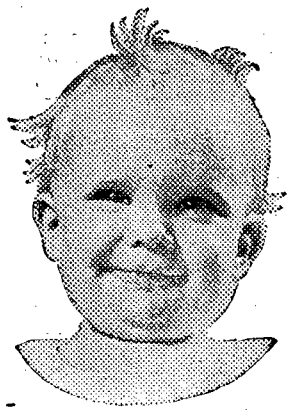
Young Raymond was an awful prig,
For he snubbed servants and the like.
He boasted riches, and he bragged
About a very costly bike
That he was taking over soon.
At odd times when this striking "card"
I chanced to meet (though never sought),
I felt I'd like to boot him hard.

*Answer next week*

### HIS MISTAKE

HEARD on the promenade:

*Daddy, the printing on this ice brick carton is quite wrong. It says the ices last for four hours—mine went in less than four minutes!*

"Mummy knows what helps my tummy!"

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Regd. Trade Mark

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.


### CORRECTED

VISITOR: How old is your baby brother, Bobby?

Bobby, indignantly: He's not *old*—he's quite new.

### Just Plain

SMITH wears no fancy summer hose,
For which he asks no pardon.
His summer hose—just plain—is used
For watering his garden.

### FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

**Giant Puff-balls.** "Come on!" cried Don excitedly, breaking into a trot. The children were mushrooming, and had suddenly observed several white patches in the next field.

Reaching the supposed mushrooms Dan stood and stared in astonishment. "What are they?" gasped Ann, who had barely been able to keep up with her brother. "Goodness knows," replied Don, gazing at the huge, oval-shaped growths which appeared to be solid domes of kid leather.

"They are giant puff-balls," said Farmer Gray in response to the children's inquiries. "Sometimes they will reach a diameter of two feet. They are edible, but before eating any fungus expert advice should always be sought."

### Puzzle Limerick

*THERE was a young . . . . . from Lee*
*Who failed any . . . . . to see*
*When he . . . . . o'er the road*
*From his . . . . . abode—*
*Now a sad, sorry gosling is he!*

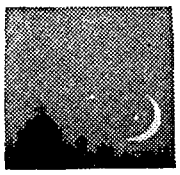
Fill the spaces with correct words; they are all spelled with the same six letters, but differently arranged. *Answer next week*

### SEW EASY

TAKE with you on a camping holiday a sailmaker's needle and thread, and a sailmaker's "palm"—all obtainable at an ironmonger's—so that if your tent or canvas equipment should split you can do the necessary stitch in time before it develops into the proverbial nine.

### Other Worlds

IN the evening Jupiter is low in the south-west. The picture



shows the Moon as it may be seen at nine o'clock B S T, on the evening of Friday, August 30.

## The Children's Hour

***B B C programmes from Wednesday, August 28, to Tuesday, September 3.***

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 Story; Concert by the B B C Northern Orchestra, conducted by Charles Groves. 5.50 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Puffer, Muffer, and Pip-pip—a train story for the youngest listeners; The Black Abbott—a mystery of the Marshes (Part 2).

FRIDAY, 5.0 Muggins Again—further adventures of Bill Smith's dog; Heidi (Part 3).

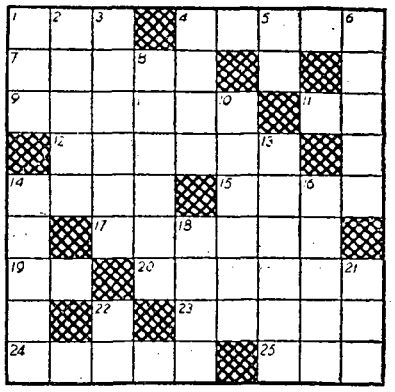
SATURDAY, 5.0 Songs of Scotland (No 2), sung by Sydney MacEwan; The Strange Call—the story of Telvi the Eel.

SUNDAY, 5.0 The Cuckoo Clock—a play. *Midland,* 5.0 Children in Other Lands—West Africa; Young Artists; How We Learned to Bathe—a talk.

MONDAY, 5.0 Punch, Puss, and Piper (Part 5). 5.25 A Visit to Cowleaze Farm (No. 17). *Scottish,* 5.0 Highland Diary; Scottish Songs of the Sea, sung by Matthew Nisbet.

TUESDAY, 5.0 Tammy Troot Goes to Camp—read by Willie Joss; Down at the Mains. *Midland,* 5.0 Billy the Bantam—a story; Hilda Abbott (soprano). We Couldn't Leave Dinah—a Channel Islands Adventure (Part 2). *Northern Ireland,* 5.0 Mumbudget (Part 3); further adventures of Mr Murphy and his donkey Timothy John; Lambeg Public Elementary School Choir; poems written by children.

## Cross Word Puzzle



**Reading Across.** **1** This type of plane is speedy. **4** Where you buy milk, butter, and eggs. **7** Residence. **9** Propelling a boat. **11** Officer Commanding.* **12** A sea-nymph. **14** A shock absorber. **15** Flesh. **17** Tops of heads. **19** Denoting coincidence. **20** School picnics. **23** Said of a loosed anchor. **24** An Eastern potentate. **25** To persevere.

**Reading Down.** **1** Receptacle for jam. **2** A black, hard wood. **3** Rises high above surroundings. **4** A dell or valley. **5** Surrounded by. **6** A pleasure ship. **8** Straight. **10** Small boring instrument. **13** To go away. **14** To discipline. **16** Active. **18** A desert dweller. **21** Secret agent. **22** Able-bodied seaman.*

*Asterisks indicate abbreviations*
*Answer next week*

### Cycle Care

KEEP your bike well—but not too well—oiled. A little regularly applied is better than a lot put on when the machine is hungry for it, though the interval between oilings must vary with the amount it is used.

### HEADS OR TAILS?

BILLY: There's a notice, outside the newspaper shop, of a reward for finding a half-Persian kitten.

Sue: Poor little puss! I wonder which half we should look for?

## The Magic Stone of Kassim takes The Three Mustardeers

### A sailing on Ye Spanish Main



IT WAS rotten luck that Jim should have measles just when Uncle Arthur had promised to take them to see "Treasure Island." "Well, if we've got to stop in, why don't we try this Stone of Kassim again?" said Roger. "I'd like to know what pirate ships are really like." The magic stone certainly fulfilled their wish in a flash for—"Why splinter me stumps!" said a cracked voice. "How did you shavers get here?" The owner of this strange voice was a fat ruffian clumping along on a pair of wooden pegs. "Golly!" exclaimed Roger, "This is the real thing!" "What horrid dirty men," shuddered Mary, as a swarm of unsavoury scoundrels scrambled past them. "This way, young 'uns," chuckled Peg-Leg. "Fair dropped from Heav'n, you have. Here . . ." he pointed to a great heap of rotting potatoes, "get on and peel them spuds." This wasn't exactly the sort of thrill the children had expected, but they decided to see what happened next. After a while a humpbacked mulatto, appeared in the galley and growled: "De Capt'n wants a word wid you young gen'lemen." Roger, who was taken by surprise, barely had time to scream to Mary! "The Stone . . . I left it . . ." before he was grabbed and run up the companionway to the deck. "Crikey," he said to his brother, "I hope she finds it, I put it down when I was peeling those beastly potatoes . . ." "SILENCE!!!" roared a voice, and looming over them stood the enormous figure of the Pirate Captain. "Aha, me beauties," he bellowed, "You was nearly late for the party. A nice party, too, eh, me hearties?" There was a howl of assent from the crowded decks. "Bosun!" he cried, "Be so kind as to direct these little lads to the sharks' banquet. Pronto!" Roger and Jim were hustled to a plank overhanging the sea. "Gosh," muttered Roger, "I hope Mary uses the Stone quickly." "Look, there she is," cried Jim. The boys were already on the plank, and Roger tore his eyes from the terrifying sight of tropical waters, agitated by scores of fierce sharks, to see his sister carrying a pail of potato peelings. "Mary," he shouted, "The Stone—hurry!" But Mary, whitefaced, shook her head and answered something that was lost in the guffaws of the pirate mob. Jim, who caught her words, gasped: "She can't find it. Whatever shall we do?" Just at that moment, Mary tripped over a rope. The pail crashed and its contents spilt over the deck. "THE STONE . . . !" shrieked Roger, and eluding his captors, threw himself among the rubbish. In a second the Stone of Kassim was in his hand. In another instant the Three Mustardeers were back in Jim's bedroom. "Coo, that was a narrow squeak," panted Roger. "Never again," said Mary. "I hope those rotten pirates have all caught my measles," said Jim.

*"Nearly being served up as a shark's snack has given me the whale of an appetite," said Roger to Mary, at lunchtime. "That's because you're eating mustard with your meat," said Mother, who had fortunately only heard the latter part of Roger's remark.*


THE MUSTARDEERS OATH

We will have Mustard whenever we can get it. Mustard makes good food taste better.

We will have Mustard—




Colman's Mustard


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